ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 26, 1886.

I have arranged to leave tomorrow for Charlotte and Asheville. Weather is getting rather too sultry here for horseback riding, and promises better now farther north. Before leaving I want to mention among the many advantages of this place for invalids, seeking a warmer clime, is the fact that one of the most distinguished and excellent physicians of America, Dr. A. N. Tally, resides here the year around and the benefit of his experience in all diseases, especially those of the lungs, can be had and at very reasonable rates. The hotels, too, are very good for the South. I have stopped at Wright's Hotel, which is said to set the best table. It is certainly very good. Board from $15 to $21 a week.

SALISBURY, N. C., }
Wednesday evening, April 28, 1886. }

We left Columbia at two yesterday, reached here at 8 o'clock, stopping at Charlotte for supper. I was with a Boston gentleman, Mr. Cumston of the firm of Hallet & Cumston, piano makers, and a very genial gentleman. In the morning I took my last ride with Marion. Marion, it will be remembered, is a mare. We went on the Lexington road, crossing the Congaree, which is formed by the junction of the Saluda and Broad rivers, just above Columbia, and lower down, in conjunction with the Catawba or Wateree, forms the Santee. The Congaree now is a shallow, but broad stream, never navigable as far as this bridge, but formerly was by flat-bottomed boats to within four miles, or 300 miles from the ocean. The country beyond it was a pretty one to ride through. Oak trees of many varieties abound. The haw sends up its sprightly branches, and the myrtle keeps it company.

This morning is clouded. I think there will be rain among the mountains. Salisbury is an old place of some 3500 inhabitants. It looks like an old German town. I believe North Carolina to a great extent was settled by Germans. The depot is a a little to one side of the village. The principal business street of the town looks like the bed of a river. Signs of the North have thickened very much since leaving Columbia. We noticed yesterday several well-fenced pastures with cows in them; the grass in them quite respectable. Here the grass and clover grow rank by the road-side, and some of the lawns are very thickly matted. Dandelions have gone to seed. There are elms which appear to have emigrated from Connecticut, and stately-looking apple trees. A robin cocked his head to one side and said that he knew me.

ASHEVILLE, Friday morning, April 30.

I at last write from Asheville, a place that for many years I have wished to visit. I am seeing it under rather unfavorable circumstances, for the weather is stormy. I can see that the place is of the North Carolina type rather than the South. Its streets are narrow and without order; the buildings for the most part low and without beauty. The sidewalks are abominable, being the most primitive kind of stone pavement. The roads are muddy and the immediate vicinity of the place uninteresting. The clouds have yet prevented my getting distant views.

It has rained nearly all the time since I left Salisbury. For near a hundred miles the country was an inviting one, divided between cultivated and wood land, all of it rolling. There were one or two exquisite glimpses of valleys as we neared the mountains; but the weather prevented full views of them. The climbing of the mountains by the railroad is an amusing piece of labor. It zigzags its way up, twisting around itself, and picks its way along, occasionally burrowing under a mountain, until finally it emerges at the top. Its descent to Asheville is gradual. There are many romantic scenes whilst we are ascending, but I am disappointed in the forest. It doesn't compare with ours upon the Green Mountains. It is of a spraggly nature, uneven height, and lacks all the wonderful finish, power and beauty of a northern forest. I speak of only what I have seen, but an Ohio man that I have been talking with tells me this is the case all through this region as far as he has observed, and says it is owing to the quality of the soil. Shortly after leaving the summit we entered a farming valley that continued all the way to Asheville. At one point the soil changed from the red clay to a dark, but afterwards changed back, and here at Asheville we have again the usual Southern red clay with its peculiarity of small and larger ravines, washed out by the rains. We see many fine apple trees as we come along and some meadows of grass and clover that will compare favorably with any.

The first station after crossing the Blue Ridge is Black Moutain. This is out several miles from the height of the crossing. A large hotel is built here, not yet open for the season. It is some 20 miles to Asheville down the Swananoa river. Asheville is called 2339 feet above the sea; the height of the railroad crossing that we came by about 3200; Black Mountain station probably about 3000, so that these farming tablelands will vary from 2000 to 3000 feet. It seemed a little as we came down into the farming lands like the meadows and cleared lands of Goshen; but buildings are all poor. I am sorry that I have not time to look over this region thoroughly, to travel through it and ascend its mountains. I wish that I could do this in company with President Brainerd, whose knowledge of botany and geology would very much enhance the value of such a trip. It is of necessity a very superficial view that I get of a country so peculiarly interesting. I am told, and I think it is correct, that it is especially a fruit-raising country; that apples flourish magnificently, also peaches, pears and cherries. I see, or I remember seeing upon Lookout Mountain, splendid cherry trees set full of fruit. I am told that there are great quantities of wild strawberries, which will be ripe by 1st of May, and sold at 10 cents a quart, hulled; that blackberries grow very large, very abundant and very sweet; that raspberries are equally plenty, and blueberries in great abundance; price of the latter from 5 to 10 cents. One gentleman told me blackberries for wine were worth $2.50 per bushel; another says not so much. Hay sells now at $16 a ton, delivered; $12, if bought on farm.

I hope to make a few more notes from this region, and on my way down the French Broad, but other business begins to be pressing. I want to leave tonight for Lexington, Kentucky. J. B.

AN ARMY SPY.

THE BOLD GAME TRIED ON GENERAL ROSECRANS AT CHATTANOOGA.

[Ex-Confederate in Detroit Free Press.]

When Bragg had Rosecrans shut up in Chattanooga there were four of us scouts from headquarters who penetrated the federal lines almost daily. Every move made was discovered and reported and most of them checkmated.

About a month before Grant's arrival, when things were at their worst with Rosecrans, a scout named Will Rossmore, who was rather new in business, having been detailed only a few weeks, was sent in to try and ascertain certain things. The federals were keeping a sharper lookout than formerly, and the young man was instructed to exercise all possible caution and take no extra risks. He rode boldly into the city on an old horse, claiming to have been commissioned by certain refugees to look after their property. He was, of course, placed under arrest and taken before the officer of the day. He was ready for the ordeal. He had the names of three citizens who had fled the place; he pretended a lameness which incapacitated him for military service; he had the talk and actions of a country lout. He was questioned in the closest manner, and when nothing could be made out of him he was allowed to go his way. It is likely that he would have secured his information and passed out in safety, but before he had been in the town three hours an unfortunate thing occurred. He was seen and recognized by a deserter from our lines—a man who had formerly messed with him, and, of course, knew him well.

The deserter saw Rossmore without being seen himself, and at once went to headquarters and gave him away. When brought face to face at headquarters the scout must have realized that his doom was sealed, but he did not yield his life without an effort. He denied his identity. He offered to send for people to prove he was what he claimed to be, and he challenged the officer (I think it was Rosecrans himself) to send for a surgeon to inspect his lameness and pronounce upon it. While his bold speech staggered the deserter, the man could not doubt his own eyes, and he persisted that Rossmore was a spy from Bragg's headquarters.

"Was Rossmore lame?" asked the officer.

"No, sir."

"But this man is a cripple for life."

"Well, I don't know how that comes. I am certain, however, that he is the man."

"If the surgeon says I have been lame for years will you admit that you are mistaken?" coolly asked the scout.

"Why, I'll have to. Will Rossmore was as sound as I am."

"Very well, general, send for the surgeon," quietly remarked the scout.

He must have realized that the fraud would be detected, but it seemed to be his only hope of bluffing the deserter down. If he had a thought that the surgeon would not be sent for it was quickly dispelled. The general felt that it was a serious case, and he wanted bottom facts. A surgeon came, Rossmore stripped off, and after a brief examination the medical man announced his opinion that the scout was shamming. The little toe on his right foot had been cut off at the joint in boyhood. The deserter had seen the foot several times, and now he suddenly remembered the stump.

When Rossmore saw that he was doomed he owned up to his identity, and, pointing his finger at the man who had betrayed him, he said:—

"Lew Warner, listen to me! Through you I shall hang, but sooner or later my death will be avenged upon you! General, I am ready."

He was led away, to be hanged at sunrise next morning.

Warner was from Tennessee, in the neighborhood of Knoxville. In August, 1865, he returned there to settle down, and one evening, before he had been home two weeks, some one fired a bullet through his heart as he traversed one of the back streets.

—A five-year-old Trojan, who had fallen and cut his lip so that it was necessary for the doctor to stitch the wound, after bearing the pain bravely, turned to his mother, who was making much ado over the operation, and said: "Never mind, mamma, my moustache will cover it."

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF A TORNADO.

[From the Coon Rapids (Ia.) Enterprise.]

One among the most amusing is told on old Father Minnich. He saw the cyclone approaching as it came over the hill, and, standing in the back door and being beside himself, waved his arm toward it and cried out: "Shoo, shoo, go'way; go'way, go'way." The storm didn't harm him, and no one can prove that his effort was in vain. Another one one is told on our industrious tailor. He made all possible haste to reach his dwelling and save his wife, but the cyclone overtook him, and he had to throw himself on the ground and hold to a fence post. He was terribly shaken up, and about as soon as he reached his feet was asked by Attorney Reid if he was hurt. He replied: "I don't know, but I think I am. My head is awful soft right here, please examine it." Reid did so and found the soft place to be a huge piece of mud which was plastered behind his ear. J. A. Miller also came in as a subject for a little fun, by running away from his store, carefully carrying away an old clothing sign, which was worth more for what it had done than for any future service. J. A. knows the value of advertising, however, and hence his idea was not so laughable after all. In the country when Mrs. Titus was taken out of the wreck, apparently almost dead, one of her little boys, about four years old, exclaimed: "Why, papa, you'll have to get us a new mamma now—ours won't be good for anything any more." The *Enterprise* quill, too, was a trifle out of his head, and was made fun of because he was inviting some of the homeless to his house for shelter, when the roof was off his building and the rain dripping from the ceiling as through a seive. They also say that Warren Garst insists that he was standing near the cyclone, watching it as it passed, when in fact he was in a cave with 15 women and a preacher, and so badly frightened that, notwithstanding his proverbial gallantry, he could not be induced by a lady to run to her house and secure a valise which she seemed to be very anxious to save.

OVERHEARD AT THE CLUB.

"Lawd bless me soul, Awthaw. What makes you so pale? Have you got the malawia again?"

"Naw. But I had a tewible fwight lawst night, and me nerves aw puffect fiddlestwings yet. Theah was a weal live wat in my woom, pon honaw, theah was."

"My gwacious! And what did it do?"

"It went away."

"What sawt of a dawg is it that twavels about with Fwedy Fawnstawk, old fellaw? It's a demnition cuwious beast, I must say. I cawn't make it out, don't chew know."

"Its only his old bird dawg dyed black and cut faw a poodle. He tells evewybody it was sent to him from Fwance, and is taking Fwench lessons so he can tawk with it."

"Haw. But wheah the dooce did the dog learn Fwench, hay?"

"They say Clawence Clawkson is learning to play the mandolin."

"What the deuce is a mandolin?"

"A sawt of a guitaw, don't chew know."

"Haw, is it now? Why, bless me soul, deah boy. I've always, haw, had an ideaw, don't chew know, that a guitaw was some blawsted disease, like the malawia."

"Oh, deah! no, it's a weal musical instwument you play with stwings, and wibbon to hold it wound youah neck. It's weal sweet, I assuah you. You awt to heah it, you weally awt."—*New York Town Topics.*

JUSTICE RATHER THAN LAW.

[Ben. Perley Poore in the Boston Budget.]

Mr. Webster used sometimes to read the conclusion of a charge by Judge Dudley, a trader and a farmer, a manuscript copy of which he had for many years in his desk. It was a treat to hear him read it in pure and undefiled English, as it doubtless came from Judge Dudley's lips: "You have heard, gentlemen of the jury, what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rascals! but no, I will not abuse them. It is their business to make a good cause for their clients; they are paid for it, and they have done in this case well enough, but you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. Why, gentlemen, it is not law that we want, but justice. They would govern us by the common law of England. Trust me, gentlemen, common sense is a much safer guard for us; the common sense of Raymond, Epping, Exeter, and the other towns which have sent us here to try this case between two of our neighbors. A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the law of the the lawyers. There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakespeare, an English player, I believe. No matter, it is good enough almost to be in the Bible. It is this: 'Be just and fear not.' It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by any quirks of the law out of Coke or Blackstone, books that I have never read and never will, but by common sense and by common honesty, as between man and man. That is our business, and the curse of God is upon us if we neglect, or evade, or turn aside from it. And now, Mr. Sheriff, take out the jury, and you, Mr. Foreman, do not keep us waiting with idle talk, of which there has been too much already about matters which have nothing to do with the merits of the case. Give us an honest verdict, of which, as plain, common sense men, you need not be ashamed."

ALLEGED WIT.

UPHOLDING THE LAW.

Excited Citizen—"Here, I want a pistol to shoot myself with." Mr. Isaacstein (insinuatingly)—"My frent, you vant vun of dem peautiful silver-blated rewolwers mit dat ivory handle und gold mountings vich I sell at cost brice—$22—so help me——" Excited Citizen—"No, no; I've got only $1. Gimme a pistol for $1, quick." Mr. Isaacstein (indignantly)—"My frent, ven you dalk about killing youselluf, dat vas against the law, und I have you arrested."—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHAT IT WAS.

When Rev. S. L. B. Chase was a pastor in Rockland, he one day essayed to treat the Sunday-school to a blackboard exposition of the lesson. So, for a starter, and in the way of illuminating his remarks, he took a bit of chalk and slowly and somewhat painfully sketched on the blackboard a representation of two human hearts joined together. "Now, then," he said, turning to the school, "who will tell me what I have drawn?" "I know," called a very little boy on the front seat. "Well," the pastor kindly said, "what is it?" And the very little boy on the front seat shrieked out, "A ternmarter?"—*Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette.*

WHAT WAS IN THE BIBLE.

"You attend Sunday school, do you?" inquired the Rev. Mr. Smith of Nellie. "Then you must know a great deal about the bible. Now tell us something nice that's in the bible here, can you?"

"Yeth, thir; Sis hath some dried leaves in it, a pieth of Aunt Jane's wedding dreth, a pieth of my dreth when I was a baby, thome hair, and Sis's fellow's picture."—*Wheeling Register.*

CHEATED OUT OF A VACATION.

Colonel Witherspoon of Austin, Texas, has a happy knack of saying mean things to his wife, with whom he does not live very happy.

"Did you hear about Mrs. Gateswinger?" she asked.

"No, what's the matter with her?" asked Witherspoon.

"She is dead; her husband died three weeks ago, and now she has followed him to that bourne from which no traveller e'er returns. Just think of it, only three weeks' difference between their deaths."

"The poor fellow! Why, great gosh, he didn't get any vacation after all, so to speak."—*Texas Siftings.*

AN AFFECTIONATE LAD.

"Gran'ma," said a boy of nine years, "how old are you?"

"About sixty-six," said the grandmother.

"You'll die soon, won't you, gran'ma?"

"Yes, dear, I expect to."

"And when I die, gran'ma, can I be buried side of you?"

"Yes, dear," said she, as her heart warmed toward the little one, whom she folded closer in her arms.

"Gran'ma," softly whispered the little rogue, "gimme 10 cents."

—The prisoners in the jail at Helena, M. T., dug out through a brick wall one night, went to a saloon, captured a lot of whiskey, returned to the jail, and were found safe in the morning, but all very drunk.

—A citizen of Mettacahouts, Ulster county, N. Y., says that the sting of the honey bee is sure cure for rheumatism. The treatment is to expose the part affected and induce bees to sting it. He says this novel cure has been tried by his neighbors with great success.

—The average small boy of the present day is seldom at a loss for something to say even in the most embarrassing situations. Bobby, a precocious youth of six summers, had been indulging in profanity, and in order to escape the punishment for which his mother had made preparations, he crawled under a barn and remained there in a state of seige for the greater part of an afternoon. When his father returned at night and learned how matters stood he made his way with much difficulty under the barn in search of the boy. "Hello, pa," said Bobby cheerfully, as his sire approached, "you been swearing, too?"—*Boston Record.*